Just The Two Of Us

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No Smut, instead you get this, Domestic Fluff, Domestic, cuties being cuties, Fluff, Cute, Tickling, Cuddling & Snuggling, honestly guys this is just domestic fluffy relationship stuff, we all need it, Don't deny it, just read and bask in the fluff, sushi boyfriend returns, We all need sushi boyfriend

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Just The Two Of Us

by DancingSkys

Summary

A relationship has many sides and this time Namjoon and Yoongi decide to dig out their best Domestic Boyfriend vibes and just be stupidly in love with each other.

Or:
Everyone needs SugaMon to do domestic shit.

Notes

For the lovely commentor who requested some domestic action, I hope you and everyone else will like it~ I chose to write several small parts because that is easier sometimes.

I took me a bit to figure out in what order I want to upload the next few parts and the next update won't take this long, no worries. I just had some stuff to do and to figure out and I'm working on two/three other stories I really want to upload and a request I really want to get done. I actualyl wrote about... 9,000 words in just two days for my newest idea and I'm really determinate to finish this one (it's also SugaMon~~ *wink wink*)

Anyway, since there is no BDSM talk/action in this one I didn't rate it or anything~ More sexy stuff is coming up though ;)

If you wanna chat or something: DancingSkys

“Pizza or pasta?”

“Hm.”

“Well?”

“Sounds great.”

Yoongi looked up from the menu slowly, narrowing his eyes. “Pizza or pasta?”

“Of course.”

The student took a slow, deep breath, scowl sneaking onto his face. “Pizza or pasta?” he said lowly.

“Sure.”

“Which one?”

“Hm.”

“NAMJOON!”

The lawyer almost fell off the couch, readjusting his glasses and looking at Yoongi, who was glaring at him, with big eyes. “W-what?” he asked in a disoriented manner, newspaper down on the floor and the younger groaned loudly. “For the hundredth time: Do you want pizza or pasta?” he grumbled in an annoyed manner, waiting for a response impatiently. He was freaking hungry after all. “Oh um… you choose, honey.”

Yoongi roared like an angry dinosaur. “You are so useless!” he yelled before snatching the lawyer’s cellphone and calling the delivery service, ordering *a pizza* , thank you very much… and some pasta for his stupid boyfriend please. “There,” he said grumpily, throwing the phone back onto the couch. Namjoon was already back to his stupid newspaper.

The food arrived and Yoongi skipped over to the door - he was starving, okay? - paying the delivery guy - no, Namjoon wouldn’t mind - and grabbing the carton with a box of pasta on top, settling in

the living room and taking the newspaper away from the older who looked at him in a puzzled manner before he smelled the food and went for the pasta with an excited ‘Ooh’ sound. He munched on his food, Yoongi staring at him the whole time but the older didn’t realize any of that, he was busy checking his phone and typing some messages with one hand.

“Joon,” he said once his pizza had been devoured and he was seated on the couch again, the older not even looking up and just humming in question. “Pay attention to me,” Yoongi whined childishly, hanging half off the couch in an attempt to get Namjoon to look at him but the lawyer just chuckled at his phone’s screen and patted the boy’s head. “Uhu.” The younger kicked his legs in annoyance. “Joonie.”

“Mhm.”

“You’re boring.”

“Hm.”

“Entertain me.”

“Yeah.”

Yoongi snorted, rolling his eyes and staying silent for some moments before he looked at the older again. “Joon?”

“Hm.”

“Can I buy new producing equipment?”

“Mhm.”

“With your card?”

“Hm.”

A devilish grin sneaked onto the student’s face and he opened the camera app on his phone, angling it so it was pointed at a still very much immersed Namjoon discretely. “Can I go for a ride with your car?” he asked just like before, the lawyer still as clueless as ever. “Sure.”

“You know I don’t have my liscence yet, right?”

“Hm.”

“And can we go see a movie of my choice this weekend?”

“Mhm.”

“Can I borrow some of your clothes?”

“Hm.”

“And I think I’m gonna shave my head.”

“Okay.”

Yoongi almost choked, trying to keep his laughters in. It was strangely funny although he was still annoyed about the other glorious ability to just completely ignore what was happening around him which he liked to do when he was a bit stressed and wanted to relax or was too immersed into something seemingly more interesting than his whining boyfriend. The younger asked himself if he did that with his clients as well.

“Can we go to Hawaii?”

“Yeah.”

“I’m gonna adopt a cat.”

“Hm.”

“And put it here.”

“Hm.”

“You fully agree to everything I have said just now, right?” Yoongi asked, smirking at his phone and watching the elder through the screen.

“Hm,” was once again all he got as an answer before he turned off the recording and shoved the other with his foot slightly. “Namjoon!” he whined, the older looking at him with a slightly annoyed expression. “What, Yoongi?”

Oh oh, Namjoon only rarely used Yoongi’s actual name, always showering him with the most ridiculous nicknames he could come up with or with endearments such as honey, sweetheart, love or pumpkin. The student pulled his foot back, currently lying on his back, and looking up at the elder with sad puppy eyes. “I wanna cuddle and watch a movie… and maybe get a kiss,” he said with a

small voice, Namjoon deflating visibly. Damn was he whipped. He sighed and beckoned the other over, Yoongi crawling into his lap and snuggling into his boyfriend's chest. "Fine," the elder said, giving the boy the remote of the TV. "You choose."

The student grinned in victory, getting more comfortable on his human body pillow and choosing Pirate's of the Caribbean for tonight, snorting whenever Captain Jack Sparrow pulled off another stupid stunt and thinking the man on screen was a bit similar to his clumsy lover sometimes.

"Are you busy?" Yoongi asked quietly at some point, still watching what was happening on the screen but he could both feel and hear Namjoon sighing. "Just a lot going on at work at the moment," the older said, Yoongi taking on of his hands and playing with his fingers absentmindedly. "But you have to remember to rest, okay?"

Namjoon smiled softly and stroked his lover's hair. "Of course, honey. I need to be well rested for when I screw you in the mattress, right?"

Yoongi stopped his fiddling and looked up at the stupidly grinning lawyer with an unamused expression. "You are greatly talented at ruining the mood," he said flatly, the older laughing out loud. "And you're not even sorry about it."

"Not at all," the lawyer said with a grin.

"Sometimes I'm really asking myself if you are an actual lawyer like… what kind of lawyer says these kind of things," Yoongi muttered, squeaking slightly as he was moved so he was lying across the elder's legs, back arched over the limbs and looking up at Namjoon curiously. "I'm a very serious lawyer, Mr. Min," the older said in an overly serious tone, almost like he was talking to a child. "And I make sure bad boys receive their punishment for acting up."

The student rolled his eyes but couldn't hide his smile at the other's overly formal tone. "Okay, Mr. Lawyer. Now come down here and kiss me."

"Are you try to seduce a juror?" Namjoon asked in an almost offended manner, leaning down and tickling Yoongi's sides which caused the younger to squirm and squeak again. "No!" Yoongi squealed, kicking his legs in an attempt to get the other's hands off of him but Namjoon would have none of that, propping up his leg slightly so it would be more difficult for the younger to escape.

“As the offender of such a horrible crime I must ask you to state your full name for the protocol,” Namjoon said, digging his fingertips back into Yoongi’s side and continuing with his tickle attack. “Min Yoongi!” the student screeched, arching his back in an attempt to get away.

“Thank you, you may resume your seat. You are being accused of attempted seduction of an innocent juror, is that correct?”

Yoongi was trying to stifle his laughter and turned slightly so he was on his side, curling into Namjoon’s stomach and trying to hide but it didn’t help at all. “Yes,” he managed to say, trying to push the elder’s hands away while giggling.

“Do you plead guilty of this crime?”

“I’m innocent!” Yoongi called, laughing a second later and throwing his head back. “Joonie!” he whined, interrupting himself with laughter and kicking his legs like a child.

“If you would please look at page 4, paragraph 7 of the report. It clearly states that the victim has accused you of using your irresistible charm to lure him into giving you a kiss. Would this refresh your recollection?” Namjoon asked, Yoongi still giggling and squirming in his lap and the sight was just adorable. “Maybe,” was the giggly answer he got from the other.

“Would it be fair to say you were aware of your actions at that time?” the lawyer continued with his courtroom voice, sounding ridiculous in such a situation but Yoongi seemed to think it was incredibly funny. Well, that or he was just extremely ticklish which the elder knew to be true, moving to a extremely sensitive spot.

“YES!” Yoongi yelped, jumping slightly before the giggles took over again.

“Marked as evidence,” Namjoon hummed and nodded his head. “The court will proceed to sentencing now. Mr. Min Yoongi, you have been found guilty of attempting to seduce an innocent juror and will be sentenced to receiving five big smooches everyday.” He slapped his boyfriend’s butt lightly to seal the punishment. “You will receive your punishment right now.”

“Noo,” Yoongi whined, leaning up and wiggling back into position, wrapping his arms around Namjoon’s neck as the older leaned down and connected their lips.

“You little criminal,” the lawyer teased after they parted again and Yoongi grinned, pulling him back down. “Four left to go,” he said and the older complied without any complains.

Why did lectures always have to be so boring?

Why was the sky blue?

Why did Yoongi’s desk wobble?

Why did he have to sit here and why couldn’t be sleep?

Why was he hungry?

Urgh.

A heavy sigh left the student’s mouth and he leaned his hand onto the back of his hand, looking at the front in a bored manner, tapping his pencil again his notebook. He could be home and do something productive like sleep or mix some music but instead he was trapped in this hellhole of a lecture and had to listen to this stupid professor who went on and on about a topic the student couldn’t remember anymore. He had really tried listening but the words had just jumbled together and he had been left to stare at the front with a blank mind.

He didn’t even have one of his friend in this class, sighing yet again and rubbing his forehead. Another look at his phone told him he had twenty minutes to go and he almost whined at that but he didn’t want to freak out the girl next to him who took notes like her life was on the line, half sprawled over the desk and writing with her notebook

laid out horizontally and twisting her upper body to still write on the lines.

Now, Yoongi wasn't a judging person but that looked the slightest bit uncomfortable.

He grimaced and went back to dozing off, tapping his foot every few seconds and sighing softly, checking his phone and praying for the minutes to pass which they seemed to do even slower each time he took a look at the screen. After figuring the minutes wouldn't pass any faster he went over to staring at the wall blankly, not doing anything and it felt like an eternity until the shrill sound of the bell woke him from his slumber. Without waiting even a second the male shoved everything in his bag and stood up to leave, the girl from before looking up in an disorientated manner.

The student was quick to walk through the long hallways, dodging people in something similar to a dance and pushing open the doors that lead to eternal freedom… until tomorrow morning.

Urgh.

He walked across the parking lot, grumbling some things to himself and trying to figure out what he should get to eat as he was shaken from his thoughts.

"Yoongi!"

He looked up slightly disorientated, eyes switching around until they fell onto the owner of the voice, blinking a few times in surprise at seeing Namjoon standing there in his work clothes next to his sleek black car, waving and smiling at him. Some people had stopped to look at the lawyer and his obviously expensive car, others were whispering to each other.

Yoongi stalked closer slowly, pulling up his shoulders slightly as if he was trying to hide. "What are you doing here?" he asked quietly once he had arrived in front of Namjoon who just beamed down at him. "Decided to pick you up," he said with a shrug, opening the passenger door for Yoongi and gesturing for him to get in. "You hungry?"

Once the student had overcome the initial shock he nodded his head with a soft smile. "Starving, actually." He climbed into the R8 as Namjoon had told him at some point and the student had almost spit out his drink at the price, putting a hand on his chest and staring at his boyfriend with big eyes, the latter had just grinning and shrugging.

‘I saved up for a while for this’ was his explanation but Yoongi still couldn’t believe he had been unaware of the vehicle’s price for so long.

“Well, that’s good timing. Where do you wanna go?” Namjoon asked as he slid into the driver’s seat and pulled the door close, turning on the engine that came to life with a low purr, Yoongi smirking the slightest bit as some guys pointed at the car excitedly or even whipped out their phones, a few girls close by trying to figure out what was going on. “I dunno,” the student said, turning back to his boyfriend. “What did you have in mind?”

Namjoon hummed thoughtfully, looking left and right before pulling onto the main street. “What about… Chinese. Do you wanna have Chinese?”

“Sounds good,” Yoongi said, sliding down a bit in his seat to get more comfortable, fiddling with the radio until he was satisfied with the song that was playing.

So they ended up at a Chinese restaurant, munching away of their food and talking about their day until Namjoon suddenly whipped out a small box in the shape of a red car, Yoongi slurping some more noodles into his mouth and swallowing before he looked up at the older curiously. “What’s that?” he asked, taking the box as the lawyer handed it to him. “Congrats on getting your driver’s license,” Namjoon said with a smile, Yoongi opening the box which contained a keychain on a small cushion, the pendant a silver car. “For when you get your own car one day,” Namjoon said with a grin, Yoongi pursing his lips in an unamused manner and looking up at the older who obviously thought the situation was beyond funny.

“And here I was about to thank you for getting me something,” Yoongi grumbled and sighed, taking the small pendant out of the box and looking at it. “It even has lights,” the older said excitedly, pressing a small switch on the car’s bottom, the headlights of it suddenly lighting up like a miniature flashlight. “Isn’t that cool?”

Yoongi rolled his eyes but had to smile nevertheless. “Yeah, *really* cool. Everyone’s gonna be *so* jealous.” Leave it to Namjoon to come up with a lame gift like this which was still able to make Yoongi smile.

They continued their meal, the elder paying the bill and by now Yoongi didn’t object anymore. The older had a steady job after all, he was only a student so he was pretty much borderline broke most of

the time - thankfully his parents had agreed to pay for his license - and the elder liked playing for him so who was he to object? He wouldn't be able to afford the fancy places where Namjoon took him sometimes anyway. They walked across the parking lot back towards the lawyer's car when he suddenly called Yoongi's name, the latter turning around and spluttering slightly, only barely managing to catch the object the other had thrown at him, eyes widening as he realized what it was. He looked up at Namjoon questioningly, the older just smiling.

"What? You can drive now."

Yoongi was still gaping slightly, the Audi car key feeling pretty foreign in his hand. "B-but… that's your car," he said slowly, unsure of what to think.

Namjoon just shrugged. "You're my boyfriend. What keeps me from letting you drive?"

"B-but… it's… that's… expensive…" Yoongi babbled, feeling a bit overwhelmed which made the lawyer laugh and pat his head. "It's just like any other car. Don't crash it and we'll be fine. So, you wanna drive?"

It took the younger a few moments, staring at the older, then the car key in his hand and then finally the black car itself, feeling a rush of excitement go through his body and nodding his head enthusiastically.

They stayed in the parking lot for another ten minutes, Namjoon letting Yoongi adjust the seat and mirrors and finally explaining a few things and what to watch out for. The student was beyond excited and slightly nervous about driving such a car. It was expensive and fast and he had only driving the driving school cars which weren't really that amazing. He kind of felt powerful sitting behind the wheel, Namjoon next to him and just… it was a strange feeling but one he could get used to.

He started the engine, a small sound of surprise escaping his mouth as the steering wheel vibrated a bit, Namjoon snickering beside him. He let Yoongi do his thing, the student testing the waters slowly because he was slightly intimidated by what the car could do if he used the gas pedal a bit too much. From 0 to 100 in about 3.4 seconds, that was one hell of a monster so he was pretty cautious with the gas pedal, slowly trying to get used to the car and how it responded differently to the one he had driven previously.

The lawyer looked pretty relaxed which made Yoongi feel a bit safer, not knowing what he would have done if Namjoon had been one of those really panicky passengers. He just gave some advice from time to time, telling Yoongi he was getting too close to parking cars and giving him the directions because the student was way too focused on the driving part to pay attention to where exactly he was going, something he didn't had to think about in driving school.

The car roared and jumped slightly as he pressed the gas pedal a bit too hard after waiting at a red light, Namjoon just mumbling a small 'whoops' after Yoongi's soft squeak but nothing happened since the street in front of them was empty. They arrived home safely, needing to go back and forth a few times until the car was in the parking space correctly and the younger slumped back with a huff once the engine was silent.

"Well, that was pretty good," Namjoon said with a grin, Yoongi raising an eyebrow at him. "Really?" he asked, feeling strangely exhausted although it had only been about half an hour of actual driving time. The older nodded his head. "Yeah, I wasn't that good when I started and I did not start with a car like this so good job." He patted his lover's thigh before opening the door and getting out, Yoongi following him and locking the car which still felt a bit strange, jogging to catch up the older who was holding the elevator.

"Here," the student said once they had kicked off their shoes inside the lawyer's apartment, holding the key out towards Namjoon who turned back to look at him, shaking his head with a smile. "Keep it, it's yours. I have mine here." He shooed his own keys. "Who knows when you'll need it."

Yoongi gaped at him with big eyes. "You… you'll really let me drive? Even without you?" he asked and Namjoon laughed, ruffling his hair. "Sure, just don't get into an accident."

The younger needed a moment to let everything sink in before he latched onto Namjoon, hugging him close. "You are a pretty damn cool boyfriend, you know that?" he mumbled into the other's chest who kissed the top of his head. "I'm doing my best."

Yoongi grinned happily, pressing a bit smooch onto the lawyer's cheek. "You're the best." He snuggled back into his chest, the elder running a hand through his hair which he was allowed to do now that they were home, kissing the younger's head affectionately. "Am I?" he asked with a chuckle, Yoongi humming in confirmation. "Yeah, I'm

pretty sure you are."

"Hm… I like the sound of that… 'The Best'."

Yoongi breathed out a small laugh and rolled his eyes. "Don't get too used to it," he mumbled, still staying in the elder's embrace and closing his eyes to enjoy the moment.

Namjoon just couldn't resist. He saw the younger sprawled out on the couch innocently but his mind was racing, heart beating in his chest and eyes glued to the boy's frame. His hands were twitching, eager to act but he tried to resist the urge, feeling like he was trying to hold back a wild horse. It was so difficult, he didn't know how long he would be able to withstand his carving but he gave his best to be civilized.

Just then Yoongi decided to sigh loudly, mumbling something under his breath and shifting onto his side, pulling his legs closer and curling his hand into loose fists, releasing a soft breath once he had settled, a small smile gracing his face.

Damn, Namjoon was beyond whipped and he just couldn't stop himself anymore, sneaking into his bedroom and picking up something special he loved using on the younger, looking at Yoongi over the backrest of the couch once he was back and grinning slightly. He prepared everything for his plan before picking up a sleepy Yoongi that hadn't fallen asleep just yet, the latter blinking his eyes open and humming in question, trying to look around.

The older laid him down on the floor, Yoongi trying to get up but the

lawyer was faster, picking up the edges of the fluffy, red blanket and rolling his boyfriend into a perfect sushi roll with practised ease, finally satisfied. He picked up his sushi boyfriend and moved back to the couch, said sushi roll glaring at him sleepily but couldn't complain when he was laid down again with a pillow under his head, Namjoon lying down as well and pulling Yoongi into his chest, throwing one leg over him possessively.

Yoongi sighed heavily. "I didn't know you had a blanket bondage kink," he mumbled sleepily, readjusting his head on the pillow and managing to angle his arms so his hands could curl into the blanket edge just under his chin. "Hm, only with you, honey," Namjoon said with a grin, pressing a small kiss to the younger's nose who scrunched it up in response.

"I like it… but I never said that," the student said quietly, eyes closing again.

"Of course not," Namjoon chuckled, brushing some hair out of the other's face before he shook his head and closed his eyes as well.

Who didn't love cuddling with their very own sushi boyfriend after all?

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